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THEY ARE ALL GUILTY.

There is nothing about the Brooklyn murder to warrant delay in disposing of the ruffian who did it. He was taken, red-handed, with the knife upon him, and identified by his victim. The crime was a bloodthirsty one, with no possible circumstance in extenuation. Butcher McElvaine should be sent with all possible speed to his punishment.

But what of his companions? Together they plotted the burglary which led to Luca's slaughter. DIXON put into McElvaine's hand the weapon with which the victim was hacked to death. It was in anticipation of just such an emergency as that which ensued.

Murder was meant in case that was needed for it.

The cool intent existed fully as much in the mind of DIXON as in that of McElvaine, and his role was, if anything, the more cowardly and contemptible of the two.

The law says plainly that murder, committed by one of several persons in the prosecution of an unlawful purpose or common design, in which they have united and to effect which they have assembled, all are liable to answer criminally for the act of the one.

The shade of difference in guilt between these men is so faint that it is imperceptible. One merits as much as another the punishment they all will doubtless meet.

CONSIDER IT, GOVERNOR.

JAMES A. FLACK, Sheriff, must resign, or failing that, Gov. HILL should remove him according to law. He must be taken from his high horse, astride of which he sought to ride roughshod over the law, the courts and public decency.

The Sheriff's outrage upon his wife is one thing. He may manage to compromise matters with her. But he has a larger account to settle.

FLACK was the head and front and motive of the miserable divorce conspiracy. He used his official and political influence for a despicable private purpose. He violated the law and cast contempt on the courts. His offense was rank.

Shall such a faithless public servant enjoy immunity?

This is a question for you to answer, Gov. HILL.

DON'T GAMBLE, YOUR HONORS.

It is no use to bicker over the stock speculations of the members of the Bench. Wall street gambling is not creditable to anybody. It is very discredit to the members of the judiciary under any circumstances.

Any judge, high or low, who cares an iota for his reputation will turn a very deaf ear to the sirens of Wall street.

THE RIGHT KIND OF AN ALDERMAN.

Alderman GEORGE P. MORRIS, of the Eleventh Assembly District, deserves tribute as an exponent of the truth that charity begins at home. To have started a relief fund for the wretched sufferers by the Seventh avenue fire is a very creditable work, though it may not be heralded much beyond the confines of the Alderman's district.

It is a pity there are not more Aldermen who have an alert eye to the interests of their constituency all the year round. To too many of them their constituents' welfare is a matter of concern only a day or so before election.

A GOOD WORK.

President Wilson, of the Health Board, ought to repeat at short intervals the tour of inspection he made yesterday among the meat and huckster shops of the foreign quarter. Much of the stuff which is offered for sale to the poor people in those localities is fit only for the garbage barrel, but many a family has to put up with it because it is cheap. It is just these poor people, in poor, unhealthful places, who need protection.

Decayed meat and vegetables should not be let stand to putrify the air in any neighborhood, and as for their being sold for consumption by human beings, it is a crime. Go again, Mr. Wilson.

President BEX had a chilly kind of a time on his visit home. The hungry Hoosiers, with injured looks and throats still sore from the whooping they did for him last summer, stood around in a most suggestive and dispiriting way. His old regiment was absolutely clammy in its conduct.

But there is always solace. The President has hastened to Deer Park to warm himself in the familiar sunshine of STEPHEN B. ELIZABETH's expensive smile.

It is strange indeed that no explanation can be made of the Tennessee railroad disaster. Must so horrible a thing pass into history with simply the declaration that a corner's jury didn't know what caused it? Knoxville gave \$225,000 for the building of that railroad, and the lives of its foremost citizens for its initiation. It was a costly convenience.

One after another, the cities that have asked for the World's Fair are waving their claims, and it looks as if—all said and done—we were to get it. There is plenty of money, and people willing to give it. The most perplexing work now is that of the Committee on Site.

Never fear, though, we'll find the place.

Corporal Tanner & Book Agent. In the SUNDAY WORLD.

FOR SWEET CHARITY.

Babes of the Poor Furnished with Medicine and Food.

The Free Physicians Working Nobly Among the Little Ones.

Mrs. Ayer and Neil Nelson Among the Poor People.

THE CONTRIBUTIONS.

Already acknowledged.....\$5,667.80
Collected at the White Elephant.....50.00
G. R. R. Co. (for the Sick Baby Fund).....1.00
Reader of THE EVENING WORLD.....1.00
A. King's Daughter.....1.00
A. B. Smith.....1.00
Children's Fair.....2.00
Florence Barker.....2.40
Donovan Dickinson and others.....8.10
Mrs. J. F. M.....2.00
Mrs. Harry.....6.00
H. S. M.....1.00
Helen Ten Broeck Storms.....7.00
Arnold Wolff.....2.00
Brill Bros.....2.00
Aged Friend.....5.00
Pearl Hampton.....1.00
Little Ones Fair.....73
E. H. D.....5.00

OFFICIAL REPORT TO AUG. 22.

18,851 visits to houses.
100,885 visits to families (many families visited several times).
11,881 cases relieved by prescription and otherwise.

M. L. FOSTER, M. D.,

Chief of Medical Corps.

\$50 from the White Elephant.

Inclosed please find check for \$50 collected at the White Elephant for the Sick Baby Fund, to be expended at the discretion of Miss Nell Nelson. Yours respectfully,
C. D. SHEPARD,
White Elephant, 1241 to 1247 Broadway.

From a Sick Girl.

I inclose \$1 as a donation to the Sick Babies' Fund. I read your accounts of the sick poor and feel very sorry for them, and think it good of you to take so much interest in them. I am a little sick girl myself, and the money I send has been given me for drinking milk to make me strong. I am saving some more money, and will send it to you soon.
PEARL HAMPTON.

It Will Be Done.

Arrangements of Nell Nelson's accounting of "Well Kneels" generous contribution, won't you kindly have her invest to the best advantage the inclosed \$5, only suggesting she concentrate it on some one small deserving family.
E. H. D.

Proceeds of a Fair.

Inclosed please find 75 cents, the proceeds of a little fair, collected by Henrietta, Dick, Nettie, Madeline and Carrie. I hope these few pennies will help some poor sick child.
COMMITTEE.

For Baby Harry.

Friday being my baby's first birthday I want, in lieu of buying him some toy or present, to subscribe \$5 in his name to this fund. In the hope that when he grows older he may be generous to those who are needy, and ever inclined to help those in distress to the extent of his ability.
BABY HARRY.
Neverink, N. Y.

On Her Seventh Birthday.

To-day I am seven years old. Inclosed please find \$7 for the Sick Babies' Fund. I hope it will help some poor sick babies.
HELEN TEN BROECK STORMS,
Greenpoint, N. Y., Aug. 21.

The Zealous Brill Bros.

Inclosed please find \$2.07, which amount includes a dollar bill left by one of our lady customers, for the benefit of your fund.
BRILL BROS., Men's Furnishers,
45 Cortlandt street.

From Nymphsayers.

Inclosed please find \$8.10 in aid of your worthy cause, the Sick Baby Fund from a few sympathizers.
DONOVAN DICKINSON AND OTHERS.

Still Another Fair.

Inclosed find \$3, the proceeds of a children's fair held at 253 Eighteenth street, for the benefit of the Sick Baby Fund by three little girls.
G. ROSE,
E. VAN WYKEN,
A. CURTIS.

Collected by Florence.

Inclosed please find check for \$2.40 collected by me for that worthy cause, "The Free Doctor Fund." It is but a very small amount, still I trust it will relieve some destitute person, as every drop of water helps to swell the mighty ocean.

B. BARNES, 50 cents; Theodore Fremd, 25c; M. DIXON, 25c; M. Taylor, 10c; Willie Harris, 25c; E. H. D., 25c; C. H. Field, 25c; M. J. Hunt, 50c.

A Punch and Judy Show.

The members of the Ermion Pleasure Club, consisting of seven members, at 10 cents per week, gave a Punch and Judy show, admission three cents, and collected \$3 for the Sick Baby Fund. The members hope that the larger clubs may follow their example.
ARNOLD WOLFF, Treasurer,
316 East Seventy-seventh street.

Mitten Island Friends.

Please find inclosed \$1 collected from a few of my friends for the Sick Babies' Fund.
A KING'S DAUGHTER,
Tottenville, S. I.

A Sister Island Fair.

Please find inclosed the sum of \$2, proceeds of a children's fair, for your Sick Babies' Fund, held by the undersigned.
BESSIE DURANA,
MAUD DURANA,
BERTHA EDWARDS,
BLANCH BISHNELL,
Port Richmond, S. I.

A New Physician West.

Dr. Charles H. Grube, of 157 West Eighty-

third street, has been appointed to fill a vacancy in the staff of free physicians. He is a graduate from the University of the City of New York in 1878. Served as resident surgeon at Ninety-Ninth street hospital for three years. Was attending physician to Randall's Island Hospital for a year and has been engaged in private practice in this city for nine years.

MRS. AYER'S CHARITY.

She Leads a Truck with Provisions and Accompanies Nell Nelson.

Dr. Julia Howard Lombard has 400 sick babies on her visiting book, and we invite Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer to champion us. "Certainly," she says, "I should be most happy to accompany you. Just make out the list of articles you want for the poor sick babies, keep within \$500 if you can and I will see to it."

Rinn does get them. It only takes him an hour, but it takes a truck to hold them. Here is the list—

1 gross toilet soap.
1 gross prepared infants' food.
1 gross corn starch.
1 gross four-ounce vials of brandy.
1 gross cordials.
150 lb toilet sponges.
6 dozen baby sarsaparilla.
6 dozen jars of jelly.
15 dozen jars of ointment.
3,000 quinine pills.
5 dozen boxes baby powder.
5 dozen boxes cough confection.
50 lb. mixed tea.
50 lb. loaf sugar.
1 hamper night dresses for women.
1 hamper calico dresses for women.
1 hamper infants' night dresses.
1 hamper infants' slippers.
1 hamper blankets.
1 hamper towels.
300 loaves of bread.
300 packages of oatmeal.
300 packages of rice.
300 jars of beet-tee and 165 lb. cash.

With the money we buy 1,000 quarts of sweet milk, twenty dozen eggs, 100 pounds meat, \$10 worth of fruit, \$5 worth of drugs, two crutches, three braces, fifteen pairs of shoes, two suits of boys' clothes, dinner for twenty small boys, bury one child, provide a month's vacation for a cripple, move a family of seven children, pay sixteen months' rent, cancel grocery bills for five poor families, redeem twenty-two pawn tickets and put small sums of money into seventeen empty purses.

We have two men on the truck, a "button" to carry the purse; a private secretary, who makes a memorandum of the cases requiring special attention, and a carriage with the handsomest team of horses to be found about the Astor House, and if we don't make it merry for the tiny sufferers and their mothers it's a wonder.

More than that. We amaze the denizens of Catharine and Cherry, Oak and Oliver, Washington and Hubert streets; for such a sight as a carriage and truck and a beautiful woman with a retinue of seven servants discharging food, clothing and money among the sick, poor and helpless is something without a parallel in the recollection of the oldest resident.

Mrs. Ayer wore a black pilgrim dress and cream rosette bonnet. She wore a dainty pair of russet shoes and gloves; a tourist's reticule of gray suede was strapped about her shoulders; in her belt was a cluster of yellow roses, and her only decoration was a nickel badge, bearing the inscription, "EVENING WORLD Corps of Free Physicians," pinned on the left side of her corsage.

Buttons are magnificent in blue and brass, and the sensation of the neighborhood. The little girls caress the brass balls about his jacket with envious fingers, and if he receives one he receives sixty challenges from pugilistic juveniles to show his muscle.

Much of the time the carriage is carried by the mob of men and boys, who in the absence of the police, offer to get between us and the warm children that cling to the vehicle like so many flies. We have the right of way wherever we go, everything out of the road. The crowd that precedes and pursues is without number, and when a start is contemplated Rinn, the delivery clerk, is obliged to get down from the truck and pick the children from the wheels before they can revolve with safety.

Mrs. Ayer goes with us into every one of the eighteen houses visited, climbs with us to the six-story flats and sky-scraping garrets, personally meets the 198 families, talks with the mothers, speaks comforting words to the little children, and sees at a glance the needs of the home and the wants of the suffering babies.

She goes to the pawnshop with us, too, and sees the wedding rings, pillows, bed-clothes, tools, clocks, coats, shoes, hats, clocks, dishes, furniture, scissors and underwear, on which the pauper sums have been raised with which to fight hunger, disease and the rental agent. The largest item is \$1.04, the price received for an overcoat belonging to a man who has since deserted his family. Mrs. Ayer orders one lot of thirteen, another of six, and another of three on which the unscrupulous interest is paid and the goods returned to the destitute families.

She goes with us to the grocery and butcher shop, where accounts are opened for five families, because, knowing the weakness of her patients, it is thought best to withhold temptation, and at the same time make provision for the forty odd children our kind-hearted chaplain is desirous of helping.

She goes with us into sick-rooms, goes into death chambers, and, removing her gloves, arranges the form of a little child that has just died.

One death is the result of diphtheria. The health officers have only been gone a little while, and the atmosphere is stifling with the fumes of disinfectants.

"Better not come in here," Dr. Lombard says; "case of contagion."

"I can go wherever you do," is the fearless answer; and shielding Buttons and the pretty stenographer from the possibility of disease, she sends them off to the undertaker to order the burial of the little corpse and the expenses billed to her.

The first stop is made at Cherry Biley, and before Rinn can get the necessary articles for a family of little ones in a top flat, space underfoot is impassable. Children flock about us in swarms—poor little people, pale, hungry-eyed and curious. In a doorway stands a pretty yellow-haired girl, squirting milk and water from a nursing bottle, which she mischievously turns on the top of our heads.

The first visit is made on the top floor of a middle house. The young woman who lives here has a couple of little tots, white as the slips they wear, and an unborn babe adds to the misery of the home. Buttons opens the reticule he carries and from it three months' rent is paid, and fifteen pawn checks re-

demed. Rinn makes a second trip to the truck, comes back with an arsenal of cordials, soaps and toilet articles, and we go downstairs to see another woman, also in expectation of a little life.

We pay her rent for September and August, pay, too, the corner grocer, and buy her enough groceries to keep hunger from the door a month or more. Buttons goes to the truck and comes back with a blue and white wrapper and two snowy nightgowns.

On the way out of Cherry Alley we literally tread on babies. Both sides of the street have a human lining. While endeavoring to get through the crowd a widow woman with a tiny store puts in a claim for a bill of \$2.50, which has been standing for two years and a half, and with the smile of a princess our Lady Bonnyfoul cancels the debt.

We open five-dollar's' worth of dimes, and at one fell swoop buy dry tea cows.

In an instant the air is filled with begging hands and voices; the petitioners threaten to overpower us, and we are forced to seek protection in a barber shop, Buttons, doctor and all, until Rinn can be called.

While waiting for the deliverer our attention is called to the baby, a poor, tiny, bony creature, half a year old, dying of malnutrition. The little thing has some skin disease, and to soothe it the doctor writes a prescription. The most delicate creams and soaps, with a bottle of brandy, are brought from the truck.

We are an hour getting away from the crowd, go a degree requiring forcible resistance. Mrs. Ayer is pushed up against a coal-box and kept there until released by Rinn, who makes dire threats of vengeance and whistles for an officer.

When freed and seated in the carriage the crowd closes about the vehicle like a vise, and there is no road for the horses but their own trappings. Off we go to Oak street, and our friends with us.

We tramp to the sixth floor to see a little diphtheria case, and find the child, beautiful in death, lying under a vivid yellow drape of mosquito netting. The children are in tears, the stove is cold, pantry empty, and the home desolate. We leave an order that will pay the entire funeral expenses and replenish the pantry. Nightgowns and wrappers are provided for the mother, and lozenges and sarsaparilla are left for the three surviving sick children.

Dr. Lombard stands in the hall on the fourth floor, and in the voice of a commanding officer forbids any of the twenty children in the tenement to venture near the diphtheria room under penalty.

In an Oliver street tenement we take Mrs. Ayer to see a crippled girl, the only child of an aged couple from whom nature has taken much that makes life endurable. The little invalid has gone to the park and before the blind old mother will accept the offerings of her guest, we have to promise that nothing will be known of it.

To guard against intrusion, the lock is turned in the door, and although sightless herself, the proud old mother covers with her apron the cordial, wine, toilet articles and the little purse that is slipped in her lap.

Up near the roof we find a young girl, scarcely fifteen years old in appearance, washing. Her husband is an Italian, "but he is down on his luck," she says, and to be needed for her own and the children's comfort and clothes to cover them. Thirty or more children, all impoverished, see us downstairs, but help can only be provided for the needy, and we start off leaving a grain of sympathy for a tiny, puny curly thing that has just completed, headfirst, the descent of the stairs.

In Oliver street we go to the fourth floor to visit seven children, the oldest seventeen, the husband a rheumatic cripple, and the mother in the hospital, having fallen out the window to the street below and broken her back.

Of the seven children, two of them are deaf and dumb, and everything is wanted for their comfort. We open an account at the grocery and butcher shop, and leave money to be used by the husband, who is sober, industrious and worthy of assistance.

Mamie, one of the deaf mutes, is made to understand the generosity of her visitor, and when she takes Mrs. Ayer's hand she presses the delicate glove to her lips and her childish tears overcome her gentle benefactor. The address is taken for a consignment of tea, coffee and sugar, and we round off our visit with some corn starch, which we give them with some apples and other delicacies.

Next door is an old woman with her grandchild in her lap and despair in every feature of her face. The little children are suffering from skin diseases, and some healing ointment is left with the sweetest of sweet-scented soap and the softest of sponges. At the window we see where poor Mrs. Fitzgerald fell, breaking through the fire-scape. We see, too, the life blood which still stains the floor in the little front room.

At every door women come imploring us for help. In leaving the house we need the assistance of an officer to help us to the carriage. It is doubtful if Mrs. Ayer, at the height of her social season, ever encountered a greater crowd than that which calls her Mrs. Cleveland and cries "Hurrah and God bless you."

In a large tenement on Cherry street we find an opportunity to get rid of \$15 worth of groceries, which are put in orders and left to the credit of an unfortunate tenant.

On the second floor we come upon a woman only twenty-eight years of age, the mother of seven children, and who, though in a delicate condition, is out making paper boxes at \$4 a week to keep her mother and children from starvation. Her husband, more unfortunate than she, is sick with chronic bronchitis, and the mother is so prostrated with asthma that we can scarcely understand the pitiful story.

The children are covered with boils. A little medicine chest is made up, a small purse filled and special note made of the case.

Vigor and Vitality

Are quickly given to every part of the body by Hood's Sarsaparilla. That tired feeling is entirely overcome. The blood is purified, enriched, and vitalized, and carries health instead of disease to every organ. The stomach is toned and strengthened, the appetite restored. The kidneys and liver are roused and invigorated. The brain is relieved, the nerves strengthened. The whole system is built up by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I was all run down and unfit for business. I was induced to take a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and it has me right again. I was soon able to resume work. I recommend it to all." D. W. BRATE, 4 Martin street, Albany, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Sold by all druggists. \$1 a box for \$5. Prepared only by C. L. HOOD & CO., Apolonia, Lowell, Mass. 100 Doses ONE DOLLAR

that the little stranger may be prettily dressed and the brave little mother assisted.

Before we go a great bundle is brought out of the truck, containing a pair of soft white blankets and real linen towels.

The visit is interrupted by the crowd, which having followed us upstairs, falls into the little kitchen imploring help. It would be madness even to attempt a response, and as all other means fail the protection of an officer has to be secured.

Forced by our followers to leave the neighborhood, the carriage and truck hurry across the city towards Washington street with several thousand children in the rear, as nearly frantic in their appeal for help as it is possible to imagine.

At Park place all have dropped off but twenty, and at Mrs. Ayer's direction they are lifted into the truck, taken to a restaurant in Washington Market and provided with a dinner.

The two most ragged boys we take to a clothes' store, where the ragmoules are dressed from top to toe for \$8.

When the truck is emptied of the stock of food and clothing, a call is made on a destitute family, forced to move for cheaper rent.

There are five little children, the infant very sick; a girl of nine, crippled from birth and suffering from seven abscesses of the hands and in the hospital afflicted with dropsy of the kidneys, and neither food nor money in the house.

Mrs. Ayer offers to find a home for the deformed child; but the mother cannot part with her, and so we move her into the new house in Downing street, add a huge bundle of blankets, pillows and clothes to the poor load of furniture, and give the mother \$10.

So the day ends, and such is the record of sweet charity.

NELL NELSON.

Another Fair in Prospect.

I wish you would announce in your paper that a fair in aid of the Baby Fund is to be held at 216 Fifth avenue, Sept. 2, 3 and 4, and any person having anything to help us along will please send it to us. There are three little girls of us together.

MAT and LINDIE MADDER and FRIDA BORGES.

The Death Rate.

The total number of deaths yesterday, were 135. Of these seventy-two were children under five years of age. The causes were:

| | |
|-----------------------|----|
| Cholera infantum..... | 23 |
| Diphtheria..... | 13 |
| Marasmus..... | 3 |
| Whooping cough..... | 2 |
| Scalds..... | 2 |
| Whitlow..... | 2 |
| Other diseases..... | 18 |

Dr. Nagle says that the warm and muggy weather we have been having for the last few days are responsible for the number of deaths from cholera infantum and diarrheal diseases.

Manager Muhl's Version of It.

A recent article which appeared in THE EVENING WORLD is entirely incorrect and unjust, and therefore make the following statement in hopes that just reparation may be made: When I first communicated with Mr. Wheelock about playing the leading part in "Fennell," he turned me over to Mr. Gustave Frohman as his business representative. Mr. Frohman, who had heard the play read, proceeded at once to draw up the contract, with which I expressed myself as well pleased, and said he would forward the contract and have them back for me in a day or two. I said to him: "There must be some slip, as I want to advise Mr. Fennell with Mr. Wheelock in the leading role." He said to me: "Go ahead and let the same as through the contract." Before Mr. Wheelock received the contract from Mr. Frohman, he was asked if he would sign the contract. Mr. Frohman said: "I am simply a business man. I have no right to say anything for or against the play, but I will sign the contract for you." Mr. Frohman, who was perfectly honest in what he did, can verify all I have said.

Manager "Fennell."

Unostentatious Charity.

At the side door of a fashionable bakery on Sixth avenue, near Forty-fifth street, I noticed, every evening, a number of poorly clad women and children. After 6 p. m., whatever is left of the day's baking is sold at half-price to the poor, so that they get two good loaves for the price of one. This is an unostentatious and practical charity which deserves general commendation.

Answers to Correspondents.

Jan. 2, 1889, fell on a Wednesday, and Feb. 2, 1871, on a Saturday.

Mrs. Foy—Apply to the Workingwomen's Protective Union, 19 Clinton place.

G. A.—We have heard nothing to the discredit of the children. Mr. Wheelock stood firm, so I let the matter drop. Mr. Frohman, who was perfectly honest in what he did, can verify all I have said.

Reader—"Systematized" is correct.

John Scott—"The Vice-Presidential candidates in 1880 were Hannibal Hamlin, Joseph Lane, Edward Everett and Herschel Johnson."

James G.—No census of the population of Scotland has taken place since 1881.

M. O'Don.—Gold Brown's English Grammar.

Irishman.—Ireland has 103 representatives in the House of Commons.

John Trott—"The area of Texas is 267,780 square miles. That of Great Britain, Ireland, France and Germany combined is 533,888 square miles."

Benjamin—Pete Jackson whipped Joe McAniff in San Francisco.

J. A. B.—"Stammering Cure." Hurst & Co. Reader.—The creditor is entitled to interest.

A Matter of Generalship. [From the Metropolis.]

THE EVENING WORLD—no good a paper can afford to be modest—discussing the praise of the Metropolis for the splendid work of the free doctors among the poor and the sick. "Thank the people," says our contemporary; "they supply the funds." In the same spirit Gen. Sheridan used to say that victories were won by the private soldiers. Nevertheless, great generalship deserves credit, and THE EVENING WORLD has shown it in raising, managing and distributing the necessary money. Every reader ought to contribute something. Every dollar saves a child.

Best He Could Afford.